The Hamilton Spectator

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Analysis: HHH in Utica

BY GEOFFREY M. PRECOURT

The expectation that Hubert Horatio Humphrey would deliver a major policy address Tuesday night in Utica was only the fantasy of self-importance which someone in Mayor Assaro's office had dreamed up to excite the people of our local city for some big-time news.

First off, Utica is Utica. No major public figure would waste his time in this upstate city to say something important when television studios beg for his presence in Washington and in New York.

Secondly, the Vice-President is a politician seeking office. More than that, he is a desperate man, forced to travel across the country with a winning smile and a calloused handshake to beg voter to check his column on November 5.

Thus, despite the high-pitched emotionalism which Tommy James and his Shondells, Shelly Winters, members of the Humphrey party, and local politicians had all chipped in to introduce the candidate, all but the most earth-shattering speech would earn him nothing more than a brief mention in the national papers the next day.

It was a safe bet. Two hours before Humphrey landed at the Utica Airport, the skeletal outline of his speech had been distributed to the press, and there really wasn't much in it.

At the Utica War Memorial, the noise makers around the podium were whooping it up. The audience was full, but quiet, even as Humphrey walked in.

He spoke for little better than an hour. He wandered with ease from prepared text, but was never at a loss for words.

He told the people that Wallace ("George the Loud") was a hater and was no good for America, that there was no place for the fence-sitting Nixon ("Richard the Silent") at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.

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Hamilton Admits Recruiter President Explains Reason

Prexy Unwilling To Make Hamilton A 'Closed Campus'

BY J. BRUCE NICHOLS

Emphasizing the importance of "the quality of communication" between all levels of the college community, President Chandler announced two potentially important administrative decisions last Tuesday in Chapel.

In response to a student petition calling for the exclusion of military recruiters from the campus, Chandler announced that although recruiters would not in the future be barred from Hamilton, he and the trustees would personally provide financial assistance and legal defense for any students reclassified as a result of an orderly demonstration.

Though the recruiter question has been troubling the college for some time, Chandler's decision seemed to meet with the general approval of the Chapel audience.

Chandler based his decision on an American Civil Liberties Union dictum that suggested that there are only two basic positions open to colleges of the country—either banning all recruiters and establishing a closed college, or admitting all without making indidvidual distinctions.

Across the country, only Oberlin has chosen to have an entirely closed campus. Chandler felt that a decision of that sort "would not in the long run be in the best interests of the college."

President John W. Chandler

At the same time, the President said that he knew of no other college that had adopted Hamilton's old affidavit policy.

Stating that "intellectual responsibility stems from the ability to comprehend and live with ambiguities," Chandler urged students to avoid the temptation of becoming cynical over the decision.

Chandler also called for the reform of the Selective Service System, and pointed out that he has been in contact with several government officials concerning the probelm.

Advisory Council To Aid Discussion Of Hill's Problems

Working in close accord with a plan discusssed at the Higby Conference, the President told the student body Tuesday that he is forming a President's Advisory Committee "to act as a forum on improving the college in various ways."

In establishing the Advisory Committee, the President pointed out that it will not take over any of the legislative powers now held by any faculty or student groups.

The plan for the group arose from an idea put forth by Bruce Dobkin '69 at Higby several days before school began. Dobkin's original conception was a student, faculty, and administration committee that would examine innovations at other schools, as well as the problems of Hamilton, and channel suggestions to the appropriate College group.

The new Committee will meet regularly with the President to provide a forum for new proposals and actions.

The Committee will have representatives from administration, faculty, and students as equal members. It was formed in the hope "that there will be considerable improvement in the quality of communications and working relationships among all the elements of the college community."

Though the Committee will not be affiliated with any students groups now in existence, Chandler announced that he has asked Senate President Bob Ross to formulate a nominating committee for the purpose of obtaining committee members.

Trustees Immoveably for Recruiter Student Not Pleased by Decisions

BY BRUCE DOBKIN

Six members of The Hamilton Trustee's Committee on Student Affairs met with students and faculty last Friday to discuss the roles played by trustees and students in formulating college policies.

Out of some excited debate about recruiters and about poor student-trustee communications came an agreement to establish a joint, formal forum that would give both students and Trustees a regular chance to exchange ideas.

Much consideration was given to the Trustees' refusal to bar military recruiters from the campus. Michael Upton '69 presented the Student Action Committee's petition that asks the college to reinstate the waiver used last year pledging military recruiters not to report the names of students participating in demonstrations against the military, or against the war in Vietnam.

Upton and other students questioned why the Trustees refused to concur with a petition signed by a majority of the student body.

Edward Gelsthorpe, chairman of the Committee, explained, "The Hershey statement that called for reclassifying students who protest the war is no longer a threat. As a practical matter, the statement is unusable."

Several students gave examples showing that the statement was still a threat, but the Trustees held to their position that they would bar no one from the campus.

Dean Winton Tolles, at this point, noted, "The waiver used last year was issued by the Administration under Acting-President Richard Couper. The Trustees had nothing to do with it. The Administration revoked the waiver on its own."

However, Eugene Lewis, Assistant Professor of Government, explained, "The waiver is not the real issue. We don't know for certain who reports students to their draft board." He added that the issue is the draft system "as it is enforced" and indicated that military recruiters should be completely banned from campus.

Gelsthorpe said that the Trustees would reconsider the prob-

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Montanaro Delivers Virtuoso Performance Art of the Mime Delights, Fascinates Audience

BY CHRISTOPHER R. BUGBEE

A man bared his soul last Wednesday night. Two hundred people watched.

Tony Montanaro, with the assistance of Michael Henry, presented "A Mime's Eye View" in the Minor Theater. The two performed in the breathless silence of the audience—they departed to the beat of its vigorous applause.

Mime is both the play and the player—it is always alive, always active. It is an act without words, non-verbal communication, sense freed from sound. And to reharness sense to the harsh yoke of words in order to describe the performance is a paradox, in itself symbolic of the paradoxical nature of the Mime.

Mime can be funny, as it was in "Animals," "The Gym" and "Tightrope;" it can be dramatic and sobering as it was in "A Dictator's Scrapbook." Of whatever type, it is always revealing of the man in action. The Mime is of a piece with the mime he presents. The two are one; play and player merge.

The Mime creates his mime of inspirations from within himself, largely for himself. It is his sense of the mystery of life that has made him a mime in the first place. He acts in order to further understand that mystery. Mime is thus man talking silently to himself. To watch a mime performance is to indulge in the highest level of voyeurism.

Tony Montanaro, famous mime, in the process of baring his soul.

Wednesday night was Montanaro's dance of the soul. Many of his 14 sketches were funny, guaranteed crowd-pleasers — wry glances at the more comic aspects of Man's behavior. The sketches fully displayed the antic wit of Henry and Montanaro as they mimed their way through the foibles of Man with just the right gesture in just the right place.

In his forays into Man's darker side, Montanaro spoke to his audience in a deeper vein of talk. "The Puppet" and "A Dictator's Scrapbook" were visions of man's blacker desires fulfilled; "Nightmare" was literally Montanaro's "dark night of the soul."

"Games" was the highest point of Montanaro's art. In this one skit the opposing elements of innocence and experience were beautifully rationalized, and man's inhumanity to man fully explored. It is this skit which brought home to the audience the essential pathos of the mime. In "Games," Montanaro held a mirror up to life and brought out the ironies and inconsistancies of Man's existence.

Montanaro did not talk once during the performance; he said a great deal, however. He made the theater ring with the muteness of his speech.

Admissions Office Of Kirkland Has Many Applications

BY CHRISTY BELL

If the success of Kirkland College can be measured by a study of figures, then things are shaping up.

Last year the Kirkland Admissions Office received one thousand requests for information about the school. Presently, requests are coming in at the approximate rate of forty a day, or about 1500, as of October 8.

When asked to what she attributed the great influx of mail and increased interest, Miss Carole Walker, Director of Admissions, gave three reasons.

Last year 3,000 catalogs were sent out to a large mailing list to announce the existence of Kirkland. This was Kirkland's initial contact with the public and will be continued this year.

Second, publicity, since the opening of the school, has helped

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News in Brief

FRESHMAN HONOR COURT REPRESENTATIVE NAMED

The Honor Court has selected Mike Hearn '72, as the Honor Court representative for the Freshman class.

DRAFT REFUSER TO RAP WITH MARINE RECRUITER??

Ron Young is coming to the Hill. Big deal? Apparently Lennie Kornberg and the Student Action Committee thought so when they invited him to speak here. His speech is scheduled for 4:15 in the Chapel on Wednesday. Young is currently under indictment for refusing the draft. Although he faces up to five years imprisonment, he hopes to be able to stay around and talk at the SAC marine recruiter demonstration on the 17th. As Director of Youth Work for the Fellowship of Reconciliation, Young travels extensively lecturing to colleges and high schools. Young's arrival will mark the SAC's first campus activity. Soon the SAC plans to take up a future collection from faculty and students to supply funds to sponsor lectures. SAC invites all student and faculty members to demonstrate their interest by attending Wednesday's address.

HAMCOL HORNBLOWERS STUN THE BRIGANDS

Hamilton's swashbuckling sailing team swamped every major college team in upstate New York in a major upset last week. Cornell, Ithaca, Hobart, RPI, and even the jocks of Cortland all floundered when it came to the nitty-gritty. Andy Field and Bil' Barton even thought about sailing back to school in their boat *The Golden Hind II* by way of the New York State Barge Canal. But they didn't.

CORPUSCLE CRUSADE COMMENCES

The first of two Bloodmobile visits by the American Red Cross will be made Monday, October 28. The national need for blood is great, and ever growing greater. In the past Hamilton has responded well to this need, and is now one of the largest single annual contributors to the Utica Red Cross chapter. In the next two weeks each Hamilton and Kirkland student will be asked to pledge blood for the October 28 visit. Only those 18 years of age or older may give. Parental permission is no longer required for a donation.

OUCH — THEY STING THIS YEAR

To help ward off the evil winter spirits, all upperclassmen are encouraged to receive their influenza vaccinations at the Health Center Thursday from 9 to 10 a.m. and from 2 to 3 p.m. and Friday from 9 to 10 in the morning. This service will be provided free by the Health Center.

SYRACUSE'S SNODGRASS SPEAKS

W. D. Snodgrass, a Pulitzer Prize winner in 1960 for his book *Heart's Needle*, will give a reading of his recent poetry on October 16, at 8:00 p.m. in the Science Auditorium, under the auspices of the Humanities Division of Kirkland College. Snodgrass is presently a member of the English Department at Syracuse University. His most recent book of poetry, *After Experience*, has just been published by Harper & Row. Among contemporary poets, he is perhaps best known for the intimate and personal quality of his poetry, much of which has concerned the college scene. In recent years, he has given much attention to the craft of translation, his latest book containing translations from Victor Hugo, Arthur Rimbaud, Eduard Morike, and Rainer Maria Rilke. Mr. Snodgrass's reading will be open to the public without charge.

THERE'S STILL TIME TO GET A YEARBOOK

All students and faculty members are urged to pick up their yearbooks at the switchboard in Buttrick. To facilitate distribution, students are asked to bring their library cards. Faculty members who did not pay for the book last spring, can purchase one now. For a limited time, freshmen can obtain a yearbook for $5.

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Villain About Town Doesn't Get Letzelter Down, Walks Over Enemies on His Own Pavements

BY RAYMOND L. BOGGS

Male caucasian, medium height, medium build, slightly graying hair, last seen in a well-cut herringbone suit, fashionably checked shirt, dark tie, and brown ankle-high shoes. Is this man dangerous? You bet. He has the power to put a red sidewalk right through your bedroom. His name is Jack Letzelter.

The powerful Director of the Physical Plant is quite mortal, however. His office on Griffin Road is right in a corner of the large maintenance shop. He has a secretary with an upstate accent, like everyone else, and he splashes on Old Spice After Shave like everyone else. What, then, is the cause of the intense personal rancor shown by so many at the very mention of his name?

Well, he builds fountains. Ugly ones. He puts up lights. Unwanted ones. And he rips down trees. Beautiful ones. But there is a reason for all his actions. A dead tree could fall down and squash your parents. A lack of light could mean that a potential rapist won't be able to see how ugly your date really is, thus removing one of her natural defenses.

As far as the fountain goes, Letzelter says, "If they don't like it, I'd just as soon they blow the damn thing up. I could care less." The fountain was built to save water, and that's what it does. The brand new red sidewalks that now festoon the campus also serve a purpose. When asked how he decided where to build walks, Letzelter replies, "We have to be very pragmatic about this. Where they walk, we put walks."

The Physical Plant Director seems pretty busy the whole year round. "My operation is predicated on a twelve month a year basis. Hence the criticism and you have to live with it." The criticism stems from the fact that blue-colored Letzelter men turn up at the worst places at the worst times. The replacement of the urinals in South dorm last year is a perfect example of bad timing. During the middle of exam week, workers started breaking up the urinals with sledge hammers at 8:00 in the morning. This year students have been awakened at 7:30 by many a buzz saw-armed tree climber.

Plant-Man J. J. Letzelter gives Spectator readers real-life True Confessions.

How much power does Mr. Letzelter have? "I've got the whole ball of wax," he replies. "Reservoirs, maintenance, the works." Harpies, janitors, nightwatchmen, lawnmowers, leafrakers, curb builders, door painters, hole diggers, snow shovelers, eighty-five of the Mohawk Valley's finest are all under Jack. A huge State Department - like hierarchy board shows everyone's position in the master plan. It also shows every project around campus, from putting in new lights all along College Road to building new bathrooms in the library. If you're not upset by one thing, there's bound to be another to irk you.

Mr. Letzelter has some really serious problems. "I've got to do something about Commons," he says. "Those trays are still coming out wet from the washer. Got to get the water temperature up." He worries about dogs besmirching the insides of buildings. He worries about the top floor of Kirkland dorm: "We're putting in a dance floor. We're using a cork base . . . " He worries about illegally parked cars. "I'll tow a car right up here and take the distributor out. Don't think I won't. But I'd rather not, actually." And he worries about his newest problem, Kirkland College, though things have been pretty quiet. "There have been Colgate guys sniffin' the bait, but no trouble so far."

It's very easy for one to feel sorry for the man who has so many responsibilities, who has so many well-deserved enemies, and who has so little fun.

Analysis: HHH in Utica

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He hit Wallace especially hard. Much of his energy was directed to belittle the hate phenomenon —something that was common ground for understanding in the audience. It would have been a mistake to talk about Nixon above the level of jokes about the Republican party, as it would have shot over the heads of most of those in attendance.

These two rivals aside, he was the only candidate left. And, if the American people didn't like that choice, he suggested they could select between Muskie, Agnew, and LeMay.

Of course, there were exceptions to this buckshot attack. Bitter, direct remarks were directed at Nixon—he was a "vacationer," he voted against this and didn't support that. Yet, even these were of a simple nature, nothing like the passionate plea Humphrey had made in Congress that afternoon to end a Republican fillibuster.

I sat with Bob Semple, *The New York Times* reporter, who now covers the Humphrey campaign. Until two weeks ago, he had spent close to a year on assignment as his paper's Nixon man. For variety and sanity, he had asked to be switched.

Semple ignored most of the speech. If an exciting demonstration had taken place inside of the auditorium, something out of the ordinary such as the peace rally two weeks ago in Spokane, he would have been there to cover it. But, it was quiet in the hall, and Semple was bored.

He spent a lot of time looking into the crowd of hecklers; there were none, at least none of those long-haired, pasty-faced p eace creeps. Still, the audience was not attentive. They stood up from their seats, walked around, talked to one another, and stared at the Humphrey Girls From Utica as they periodically screamed at the Vice-President. By the end of the speech, the number of empty seats, all over the auditorium, was embarassingly obvious.

The Utica Democrats didn't seem to care about what Humphrey had to say. They'd had the chance to wave HHH signs campaign workers had hand-painted and distributed to them. A large number of styrofoam straw Hubie hats had been passed around. The crowd had its souvenirs, and that was all it wanted.

The only time Humphrey really seemed to have everyone with him was when he stepped down from his prepared statement and offered his sympathies to a local family which had just lost a son in Vietnam.

At this point only, there was quiet in the hall.

"When Hanoi shows good faith . . . when we can protect the lives of our men," the candidate promised he would favor de-escalation of the war.

In the mean time, he promised to protect Mr. "Farmer" and Mr. "Worker" of Rome, Utica, Oneida, and Herkimer counties.

Of course, before he sat down, there was the inevitable comparison to Truman in '48, a few "My fellow Americans," and a Kennedy reference or two to remind everyone of his political inheritance.

"We can do it together . . ." This was his parting message for the night. Nobody expected much more than just that, and that's all they got.

320 Applications Already Received

(Continued from page 1)

greatly. A *New York Times* article reached all parts of the nation and prompted response from new locations. Information requests have been received from such places as Laredo, Texas, and the state of Washington.

Miss Walker also emphasized, "The most important way that knowledge of Kirkland has spread is by word of mouth. Girls have heard of Kirkland from friends, parents and relatives."

The Admissions Office has now received 320 preliminary applications and has conducted 200 interviews. Miss Walker did not see any major differences between the applicants of this year and last.

"No, the girls still have the basic spirit of adventure. I do not think it will change for four or five years at least. I hope we can keep the situation flexible."

Miss Walker did express relief, however, that some rules have been established setting hours for men in dorm rooms. Mothers of high school girls are reluctant to accept no regulations.

This year, the Early Decision deadline has been extended to February first. Applicants will find out if they have been accepted within three weeks.

Also, the Board of Admissions will increase this year from three faculty members to five. Due to limited dormitory space, the class of 1973 will decrease to approximately 150.

"It is easier to visit schools this year," Miss Walker stated, "because a Kirkland standard has been set. The Administration has been established. The people in high schools now know we're looking for the bright girls."

Statistics from the classes of 1971 and 1972 prove this: 17% of the Kirkland students ranked in the top 5% of their high school class, 18% in the top 10% and 32% in the top quarter. quarter.

College Board Scores averaged 630 Verbal and 598 Math.

On the Scene—

Practiced Politico Addresses Uticans

Humphrey's Visit Partly Excitement Largely Old Hat

BY BRUCE NICHOLS AND GEOFF PRECOURT

The Utica H.H.H. offices are spread out all over Utica. There's the office where you get a smile, the office where you get your regular-people admission tickets, and the office where you get your special press passes.

The latter of the three was the most offensive. Utica boss politicians and county chairmen sat behind big desks, smoked fat cigars, swore a lot, and read at spot moments passages from *The Midnight Tattler*.

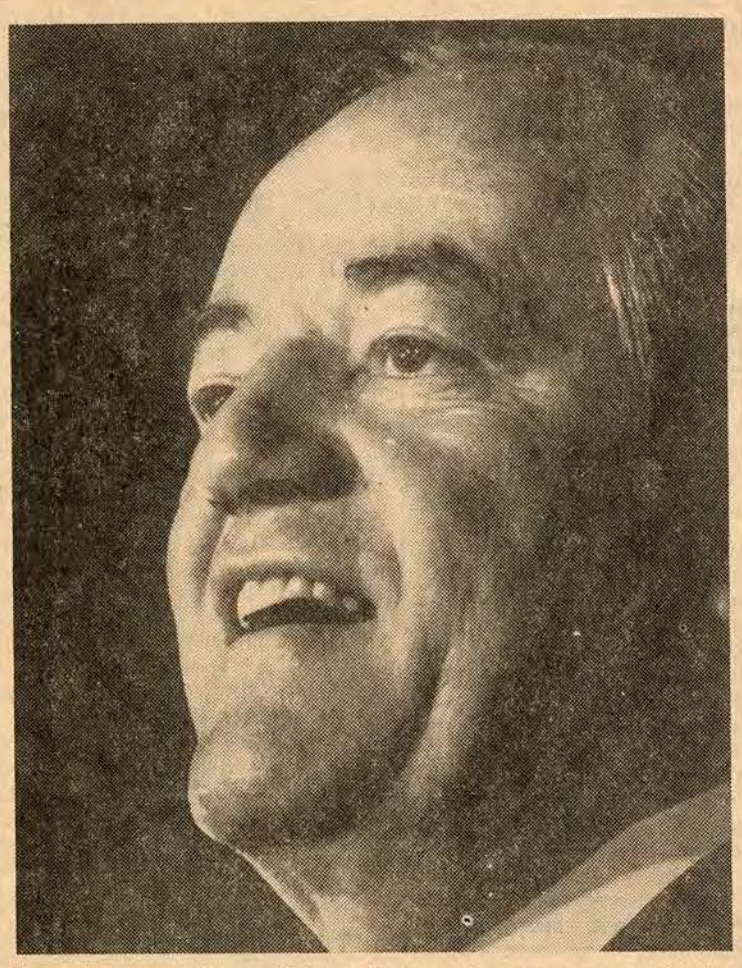
A very large Negro man sat behind the welcome counter. He was tired when we walked in on Monday afternoon. He said we were O.K., but that he was sick of those damn peace creeps. He warned us that if anybody asked for trouble at the rally, they'd get it.

The advance Humphrey press agent wasted ten minutes of our time with an official briefing. He didn't say much. What could he say? Humphrey was coming to town.

* * *

The Utica-Rome Airport: amid the deluge of placards (distributed by advance men) and screaming Yellers (the costumed Utica Girls for Humphrey, who doubled as Clappers at the Auditorium), Humphrey and his entourage arrived at about 6:15.

The placards were only par for the course: "Hubie's Groovy," "Romans for Horatio," "Humphrey Wouldn't Fiddle While Rome Burnt." A successful job through advance planning if there ever was one.



Though outwardly confident, Hubert Humphrey was clearly fighting for his political life. His voice cracked, his makeup ran, his policy statements were non-existent.

At appropriate moments (and prompted by indiscreet nudges from her husband) Muriel Humphrey displayed flashy grins for the Utica audience.

Those who had come of their own accord just to watch were shoved to the back as the Girls for Humphrey and the Magnificent Yankees—another American Legion starred and striped group of youngsters—led what might have seemed to be mass hysteria.

Most of the adults just stood and watched.

"Hubie, my goldfish is named for you!" screamed one hysterical youngster.

* * *

There was red, white, and blue all over the Utica War Memorial Auditorium: red, white, and blue balloons, red, white and blue drapings, dancing girls in red, white, and blue, and very local politicians with red, white, and blue buttons. There was also the red, white, and blue American flags which somebody had the disrespect to hang around the podium as colorful bunting.

The auditorium, stark naked, has the atmosphere of the Sage Rink in mid-autumn. There is no ice yet, and the rustic charm of a cement underfloor and aisles of flooding chairs somehow helps to convince you that no matter what happens, you can't take it seriously.

* * *

The possible exception to that rule was, of course, the Utica police. When asked if he was given orders to quiet demonstrators, one policeman responded with a sickeningly, quiet smile. "There won't be any trouble, mister," he said.

And there was no trouble at all—nearly all of the peace marchers were locked outside with a large overflow part of the crowd. The police had sealed the doors.

* * *

In the middle of the rock concert, somebody ran up to the collegiate press table and advised us that there was a demonstration at the front door. We arrived in time to see that a plate glass door had been kicked in, that the crowd was packed against the door, that people were crying, that there were spots of blood on the floor.

A police officer asked us to step back. We obliged and then he asked us to get out. People were still crying outside. Finally we had to leave. There was no sense in watching a group of policemen push back and threaten a crowd, and we couldn't do anything to let anyone in.

* * *

Inside, however, the HHH'ers had resolved to throw a show to please the audience.

—Here for you oldsters, a few songs by Utica's baritone-in-residence (A man in a purple tux renders "Give us some men who are stout-hearted men," etc.)

—And now, for all you star-trekers, Miss Shelly Winters to lend a few political insights. On Agnew: "You know who I mean—I'm so scared of him I—er - a—I can't pronounce his name!"

—But wait, all you alienated youth, here's Tommy James and the Shondells, complete in nehrus and bell-bottoms!

We saw Humphrey enter from the rear.

"WAUGH! HERE HE COMES!" yells Tommy James.

But the show wasn't over yet. After the applause died, the Screaming Eagles, young black Uticans, paraded and performed for the Vice President

Humphrey's applause for them was forced and drawn out. It was the sort of thing that can turn one's stomach.

Then he began.

* * *

Humphrey seemed to be a desperate man. He was an excellent waver and a good smiler. But, his approach to the audience wasn't impressive. He pleaded with them to recognize that Wallace was a hater, that Nixon sat on fences. And after that, who else was left? He'd take care of them, the Vice-President promised, everyone in Oneida, Herkimer, and Vernon. He'd watch out for them. He'd never failed Mr. Farmer, Mr. Worker, nor Mr. Anybody. It was "the chance of a lifetime" for Uticans to put him in office. "We can do it together."

* * *

Bob Semple, the brother of last year's Theta Delt graduate Bill; was bored with the speech. He had a right to be. For two weeks, he had been covering the Humphrey campaign for the *New York Times* from city to city. Before that fortnight, he hed spent nearly a year following Nixon around. He wanted to go home and get to bed . . . and pack for tomorrow's campaign stop in New York City.

Semple didn't listen to Humphrey. Instead, he talked about the crowd. Nixon audiences sit entranced in their seats. They seem spell bound in some kind of blind faith. Humphrey people get up in the middle of his speeches, talk to one another, and walk around. Semple noticed that in many cities there was no hesitancy on the part of many to leave.

Utica was no exception. When Hubert had shaken his last hand, no more than two-thirds of the original standing-room-only gathering was still around to applaud. It wasn't surprising. When Tommy James and his Shondells stopped singing, a good number lost all interest they ever had.

* * *

Our press passes were our big thrills. We used them to push our way through crowds, to get popcorn from bouncy HHH girls, and to use the phone to make calls wherever we wanted.

They also got us in for a picture taking session with the Vice President.

We had a chance to talk with him, but he was so worn thin that we kept it simple. Did he enjoy the Series game? (no) and Didn't all this picture taking get really tiring? (yes).

"Hubie, I think we're alone now," sings Tommy James and the Shondells. Gallup polls seem to concur with James' astute observation.

He asked us to join his Youth for Humphrey movement. We told him it sounded like fun.

On the way out we ran into a plainclothes security man who was distinguished by his lapel pin that bore a remarkable similarity to a peace button. "Was it?" we asked. "Right," he retorted acidly. "Do you guys want to be taken outside and beaten up?"

* * *

We were part of the motorcade back to the airport, the *Spectator* staff huddled together on the national press bus. The police had cleared a path for us to the vehicle—they had to push people aside. We felt a bit foolish.

Some Wallace supporters stood along the side of the road. As we passed, they had the decency and good taste to display part of their hands at us.

* * *

About four hours after we'd first arrived, we were back again at the airport. The crowd was smaller and the people less noisy. Yes, four hours from plane to plane—an updated and perhaps more successful version of the old whistle-stop.

Humphrey said a few words, cracked a few stock Republican jokes. His makeup had run a bit, and his hair was blowing in the wind.

And suddenly he and his three planes were gone, leaving the airport crowd looking like a rather foolish group that was waiting for something that had never come.

Mini-brained and maxi-mouthed, The Utica Girls for Humphrey constituted an important element in Humphrey's Formula for a Successful Rally.

Editorials —

An Expressway for Hamilton?

The Advisory Committee to the President (née the "Innovations Commmittee" at the Higby Conference) comes as the result of three days of student, faculty, and administration discussions.

The Advisory Committee has not been proposed as simply another toy in the hands of established campus leaders. It is not intended as another outlet for the Senate members, the *Spectator* staff, the Judiciary Board, or any of the other familiar "organization men" on campus.

The new Committee is being established to innovate — to bring out new faces, as well as new ideas.

The *Spectator* wishes to point out that, while President Chandler did not state it explicitly, *any* student may nominate himself to Bob Ross for a position on the Committee. Also, students who are not members of the Committee can feel free to make proposals or suggestions at the Committee's meetings.

This is the first group on the Hill that can be effective and a vocal gadfly for change. It is also the first standing faculty-student committee. Finally, it is a chance for the student with an occasional idea or suggestion to present it directly to the President.

The *Spectator* looks forward to seeing a committee that will consider every change that can improve Hamilton as its domain.

Extortion

Some members of the Charlatans mounted their first production last week. It was a short three act play which, for want of a better title, we'll call "Extortion" or "The Siege of Berlin."

The play opens during the Spring of '68 as the Charlatans, after meeting with their new staff associate Zeke Berlin, gave Mr. Berlin carte blanche in choosing the fall production. Berlin chooses his play in the fall of '68 at the outset of the second act and for the remaininig scenes in Act II, many of the people simply stand around mumbling in corners. Act III follows Act II only after a lapse of ten days during which nobody does anything, although some people are discontent. Finally, in the last act, come the clandestine meetings behind closed doors, to which one of the principal figures, Zeke Berlin, is purposely not invited. Then the final confrontation between Mr. Berlin and the small group of actors — the climax in the third act of this gruesome tragedy as it occurred last Tuesday night.

That cast members were discontented with the play was not unnatural, although it was odd that one member took ten days to discover that he thought the play was poorly written.

What was abnormal was that they chose such a sly procedure to air their discontent. Rather than go straight to the Director of the play for character clarrification and reassurance, some Charlatans chose to travel the low road through back rooms and clandestine meetings. Indeed, if anything was going bump in the dark last week, it was probably one of those same Charlatans, sulking his way to another secret enclave.

And although they will be quick to point out that nothing was decided at these meetings, it becomes quite clear that that was not the case. That last meeting which Berlin was allowed to attend, was a mockery. There was no real discussion simply because a tacit understanding already existed.

That is, by the time Berlin was called in to discuss the play, it had already been scrapped in the minds of half of its cast as well as the members of the technical crew who were prepared to walk out *en masse* should their Magna Charter not be signed.

The reasons for their actions are not in question, for, after all, that is a matter of opinion. Their underhanded actions are, however. They do a great dishonor to the organization and do absolutely nothing towards "fostering universal participation," according to Langdon Brown, the chief goal of the Charlatans this year.

Well, the 'New Vigilantes' won their case — "Things That Go Bump . . . " was bumped off. The resulting devisiveness may have made it a Phyrric victory.

In any case, the Brown et alia production of "Extortion" gets 5 stars for complete lack of integrity. And should there be similar productions in the offing for the coming year, it is the sincere wish of the *Spectator* that they close out of town.

Letters to the Editor

Hypocrits?

To the editors:

What a bunch of hypocrits. The Editor of the newspaper writes and presents one of the most tasteless, silly, grossest, rottenest, awfulest, and generally baddest things that our Memorial Chapel has ever undergone. And there on stage, in front of numerous Kirkland girls, two of his editorial board match one another in erotic perversions. Some of the Kirkland girls walk out.

That was on Tuesday. On Friday, I pick my newspaper up and turn to the ever-active editorial page and what do I find but an editorial, written by the editorial staff about *their* play, cutting it to the ground.

What's it all about? Are you working just to entertain yourselves? Is it all a game?

Name Withheld at Request

ED. NOTE

Athough four members of the Editorial Board of the *Spectator* were involved in that unfortunate Chapel skit, the *Spectator* as an institution was not. In order to maintain both the *Spectator's* objectivity and its integrity as an institution, we printed the "hypocritical" editorial.

We reasoned that had another group of students produced such a skit, the editorial guns would have been triggered full blast at the offending individuals. The fact that we worked for the *Spectator* should not have made us invulnerable to criticism — criticism from the *Spectator* as an institution—criticism we were objective enough to feel we deserved.

On Recruiters, etc.

To the editor:

The President has spoken, and many of the over five hundred persons who signed petitions against the unchecked presence of military recruiters are appeased; but let us delve into the logic and implications of Mr. Chandler's speech.

It seems that in some minds the idea of an "open campus" is a sacred proposition that must be sustained at any cost; yet in its logical extension it is an absurdity. Freedom of speech is an inalienable right, one that also must be preserved, yet the Supreee Court has decided that one does not have the right to yell "fire" in a crowded theatre. Few of us would disagree with this. It is a matter of liberty becoming reckless license. Barring recruiters is not discrimination against their ideas; it is common sense. The "open campus" ends where threats to the well being of the students begin.

Certain Administrators and Trustees have promised to aid any student who has been reclassified because of his participation in a legal demonstration, thus protecting his Constitutional rights. This is very commendable, but wouldn't it have been wiser to avoid this eventuality by barring recruiters? If one has a blister, he treats it, but he also removes the tight shoe that caused it. Also I think that the individuals who are offering help have placed themselves in a very arbitrary quandry. Who will decide what was a legal or illegal demonstration? Indeed, how does one establish casuality between being in a demonstration and being reclassified because of it? These are indeed thorny questions.

There is, though, one overwhelmingly optimistic aspect of this speech; the fact that it was made at all. A group of students finally was heard and, it seems, somewhat listened to. This is indeed a fortunate precedent. Although all of us may not agree with the decision, the speech by the President dispelled any resentment that may have arisen by silence. With the establishment of the President's Advisory Committee it would seem that this trend will not only continue but also increase. Let us hope so.

Thank you,
Mitchell Denker

Ideas on Power

To the Editors:

If students are to achieve a greater influence over the important decisions which affect their lives at Hamilton, then they must first reach three important realizations.

The first of these realizations is that with a grant of greater student power, there must be assumed an appropriate and corresponding increase in responsibility. If students demand the freedom to determine and adjudicate all of their own regulations, then consideration must be given to insure that the freedoms of one student are not allowed to infringe upon the rights and property of another student.

Second is that the realization of the need for change and specific proposals for change must be initiated by students. Students must not be afraid to engage in meaningful self-reflection. It should appear first, and most clearly, to students that the mores and governence of their community are not successfully dealing with the desires and demands of the individuals within the community. If students do not recognize such demands and initiate appropriate change, then the recognition and initiation will become the assumed responsibility of others.

The third realization is that the faculty consists of men who subscribe to many of the same interests and goals of the students. Students must consider the faculty as members of a shared community in which all members have a great deal to gain by coordinated and cooperative effort. The benefits to be gained by operative and empowered joint student-faculty committees are great. Such a goal can only be achieved when students recognize the interests and intention of the faculty and when, correspondingly, the faculty is willing to accept the worthiness of student contribution.

In conclusion, the success of student influence — student power — on the Hamilton campus will be the measure of the degree to which students engage in meaningful self - reflection and the degree to which they utilize their potential resources.

I hope that the students of Hamilton will feel that the goal of greater student influence is worth the effort it will take.

Sincerely,
Robert Ross,
Student Senate President

Honor Amendment

To The Editor:

The presence of Hamilton's new sister school, Kirkland College, has created questions about the operation of the Honor System in situations where Hamilton students take Kirkland courses and Kirkland students take Hamilton courses. At present, Kirkland College's "self-regulating" type of Honor System is very nebulous, but the Dean of Kirkland, Inez Nelbach, believes that it will be formalized by December.

Since it is unlikely that Kirkland College will adopt an Honor System bearing much of a similarity to Hamilton's, the Honor Court is faced with some important and difficult questions, such as where and to whom will Hamilton's and Kirkland's Honor Systems apply. Assuming that Kirkland's eventual Honor System is considerably different from Hamilton's, the Hamilton Honor Court sees two possible alternatives.

The first of these is that any Hamilton or Kirkland student will be responsible to the Honor System of the school where he or she is taking the course. Thus, if a Hamilton student were to take a Kirkland course he would be responsible to the Kirkland Honor System, and if a Kirkland girl were to take a Hamilton course, she would be responsible to the Hamilton Honor System. The second possible alternative is that each Hamilton or Kirkland student will be responsible to the Honor System of the school to which he or she is enrolled. Thus, Hamilton students would adhere to the Hamilton Honor System while taking Kirkland courses, and Kirkland students would be responsible to the Kirkland Honor System while taking Hamilton courses.

The members of the Hamilton Honor Court believe that while each alternative imposes somewhat of a double standard in the classroom, the second alternative is preferable to the first.

If, for instance, Hamilton students were taking Kirkland courses and were therefore guided by the Kirkland Honor Syestem, they would then be responsible at different times to two different Honor Systems instead of one Honor System covering all their courses at the two schools. This first proposal also creates the problem of determining representation. How would, for example, Kirkland students taking Hamilton courses be represented on the Hamilton Honor Court, and how would Hamilton students taking Kirkland courses be able to influence the content of the Kirkland Honor System?

Unfortunately, the second alternative (that each student be responsible to the Honor System of the school at which he is enrolled) is also imperfect. One problem could be that two people taking the same test would be subject to different Honor System rules depending on whether they were Hamilton or Kirkland students. This alternative also implies that each school's faculty should know both schools' Honor Systems. For instance, a Kirkland professor should know that no examination handed in by a Hamilton student is valid unless the student signs his name to the pledge.

Again, however, the Hamilton Honor Court feels that the best way of handling this new and complex situation of mixed classes is to have each Hamilton and Kirkland student be responsible

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PROPOSED AMENDMENT
TO THE HAMILTON HONOR SYSTEM CONSTITUTION:

A. Renumber Article 9 as Article 10

B. Add new Article 9:

"Section 1. All Hamilton College students are bound by the principles and regulations of the Hamilton Honor System in all Kirkland College courses."

This amendment will be voted on at next Tuesday's Chapel (October 22, 1968). Please give it your careful consideration.

THE HONOR COURT

Stimulated Scholar Stumbles His Way Through Exciting Geological Course

BY ALAN BRYCE

Charley was beginning to get very tired of sitting under the trees and having nothing to do. Once or twice he peeped into the book that his roommate was reading, but all it had was pictures of rocks, "and what is the use of a book," thought Charles, "with pictures of rocks in it?"

He was considering all he might be doing on a day such as this, when suddenly a little white geologist ran up behind him. "Here's your pick, here's your pick," it muttered, and hopped off towards a little blue bus. There was nothing of particular interest in that, but Charley, burning with desire to rid himself of four hours of credit, ran across the grass after it, and was fortunate enough to step aboard before it pulled away.

For a while he felt himself rolling through a pleasant green countryside, when quite suddenly the bus drove into a great column of dust and broke down. The white geologist jumped out into the dust and bobbed away up a little path. Charley sat staring at his hands and when he looked up he noticed that the bus was full of strange creatures. Somehow he found himself in a group with them, staring at scratches on the ground.

"These are interesting scratches," said the white geologist. "They run north to south, all the way from Hudson Bay."

"Don't they get tired?" said a dozy sort of creature.

"No," the white geologist seemed to say. "A nice sheet made them. On the bedrock."

"It must have been uncomfortable," Charley said to himself, but he thought he better not mention it.

"Now you're going to see a kettle," said the white geologist, and pointed at a big hole in the ground.

"If that's a kettle, then I'm mad," said Charley.

"Of course you're mad," said the white geologist, "you're taking Geology and they're doing away with the science requirement," and disappeared towards the little blue bus. "Follow me so we can appreciate a V-shaped valley."

Charley neither knew nor cared what a V-shaped valley was. This morning, when he had been himself, a valley had just been a valley, but now the geologist said that they had letters, which were to be appreciated.

"Boringer and boringer," he thought, and soon arrived at a steep slope, covered with trees.

"Follow me," said the white geologist, and scampered down the hill. When they arrived at the bottom, after a long, long time, he said: "Here we are at the bottom, now we will climb back up to the top and appreciate the V."

"What is happening?" thought Charley, and a voice said: "Let's find a tarn."

"What is a tarn?" said Charley.

"I don't know," said the voice, "but the best way to find one is to find one," and suddenly there was a splash and the voice said, "I've found one! Now I'm soaking wet."

"I'll say the driest thing I know," said an animal with a big head, "perhaps that'll help. Hem! Unlike stream valleys, most glaciated valleys head in cirques. In recently deglaciated mountains semicircular cirques are so closely spaced that the divides between them have been reduced to knife-edged combs!"

"Oh very good," said the white geologist.

"I'm much drier now," said the voice.

Charley closed his eyes for a while, and even dozed off, but was

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Trustees Decree: Recruiters Coming

(Continued from page 1)

lem of recruiters on campus, but added, "Ultimate decisions must rest with the Trustees. After we have weighed the evidence, even if the will of the majority of students and faculty isn't with us, we must still take the stand College government is not a democracy.

One student suggested setting up a fund to pay the legal costs for any student who might be reclassified and who wanted to contest his case in court. Gelsthorpe explained, "The college will not underwrite a cause that individuals believe in."

Several students then questioned whether or not the inability of students and Trustees to agree on the problem of recruiters was typical of a real division that existed between the two parties. However, most participants agreed that the division was due basically to a lack of communications. Students and Trustees have not had a chance to explain their ideas and motives to each other.

Gelsthorpe said, "We want students to feel that we understand how they think. Our job is to recognize that Hamilton must change, and we must manage that change. To do this, we must be aware of the reactions of the students."

He added, "The Trustees are willing to have a regular joint forum with students. Just let us have time to do our homework on specific issues."

The Trustees promised to quickly work out the details for a forum and to ask for student suggestions and approval for the proposed plan.

Charlatans Decide to Drop Play Slated for November

BY JEFF PHILLIPS

"Things That Go Bump in the Night," scheduled to be presented during the first two weekends of November, has been cancelled as the Charlatans' Fall Production. The decision to drop the play came at the end of a 1½ hour meeting this week between cast members, including Director Zeke Berlin, and several active members of the Charlatans.

Although the play was put into rehearsal a week and a half ago, several cast members did not state their misgivings about the interpretation of their roles and the general suitability of the play for the Hamilton Parents' Weekend, November 1st and 2nd, until this week's Tuesday night meeting.

Zeke Berlin, who would not "put the play on trial," agreed that this "was not the time nor the place to produce this play." Now in the process of trying to select a substitute to be produced the same weekend as was originally planned, Berlin stated that he would try to choose a play of that same general contemporary type.

When he met with the Charlatans informally last May, Berlin was given carte blanche to choose the Fall production. He consequently did not submit the play to the Charlatans' Board for their approval, nor did they ask to read the play at the time that Berlin announced the casting auditions two weeks ago.

Berlin did offer copies of the play to Presidents Babbitt and Chandler for their comments. Neither man felt the necessity to read the proposed script nor to counterapprove the Director's choice.

As a means of making try-outs somewhat less frightening for those students interested, Berlin briefly outlined the plot of the play early in each evening of auditions. This brief introduction was more than necessary because none of the students had the opportunity to read the play before try-outs began, and few individuals, if any, were familiar with the six character play which had an unsuccessful run in New York several seasons ago .

Terance McNally, who takes the title of his play from an old Scottish prayer, attempts to recreate in "Things That Go Bump" the perplexed terror of six individuals who cannot understand or cannot see during the darkness of the night.

While all the details of the play were not completely outlined by Berlin to the students interested in the auditions, he did attempt to relay some idea of the bitterness, ugliness, and forcefullness of the drama.

Berlin's statement about the tone of the play did not have any great effect on the students assembled at the auditions. The play was cast, and the first blocking rehearsals were begun. It was not until these early rehearsals that the cast really came to understand those aspects of the play that almost moved some members of the audience to fist fights in the play's brief New York run.

At least two members of the cast soon felt uncomfortable in their stage roles. The parts of Sigfrid and Clarence are demanding in any number of ways; the students playing these two parts must out of necessity put their whole self into the development of the characters.

Instead of trying to clarify the play, the characters, and the implications of both, these individuals appealed to an immediate but external group of sympathizers. Two such gripe meetings to which Berlin was not invited were held, the second one an appeal to the Director of the Charlatans, Rick Bilheimer, to ask that the play be "canned."

by Berlin, the six cast members, and five or six members of the Charlatans was called together by Bilheimer. He outlined the complaints that were voiced to him on Monday night by several cast members. These ideas were mildly discussed by the group with great repetition and little concrete substance.

It was obvious towards the end of the meeting that any group feelings in favor of the play, despite its limited cast and its possible inappropriateness for Parent's Weekend, were now totally lost. Any attempt to recast the roles of those students that did not wish to appear in the play could not have made up for the enthusiasm, now lost, that the play had when it was fresh and new.

With little further discussion or objections, the general consensus of the group was to drop "Things That Go Bump" entirely.

A Charlatans' production is something of a tradition for Parent's Weekend and the Charlatans at the meeting did not wish to completely eliminate the evening's entertainment. While it should have been immediately evident that the time factor must severely limit the extent of any Parent's Weekend production begun now, several individuals still asserted their desire to produce something on a large scale.

The new selection will have to involve a small cast willing to rehearse long hours and crew members who can contribute all their efforts towards developing a whole production in three weeks. Berlin will try to find a play as soon as possible that will be consistent with these demands. Before any work is begun on that selection, the play will be presented for the approval of the Charlatans' Board of Directors.

Dr. Smilkstein To Discuss Vietnam

Dr. Gabriel Smilkstein, three-time medical volunteer to Vietnam, will discuss "The Credibility Gap In Vietnam" Wednesday at 8 in the Chapel.

A Hamilton alumnus, Smilkstein recently returned from his third trip to Vietnam since 1966. He has provided medical services in other countries as well, serving India, Thailand, and the Congo.

In Vietnam, Smilkstein worked in three civilian provincial hospitals, two in the Delta region and one in a northern coastal city. During his latest trip to Vietnam, he served in Long Xuyen.

After receiving his A.B. from Hamilton in 1949, Smilkstein attended the University School of Medicine and Dentistry. He interned at Los Angeles County Hospital from 1954 to 1956 and set up general practice in Claremont, California in 1956.

His overseas service has been part of a medical assistance program administered by the People-to-People Health Foundation in Washington, D.C. His three visits to Vietnam were arranged by Project Vietnam, an enterprise organized to recruit doctors from the United States for short-term, unpaid service in Vietnam.

Smilkstein's lecture will be open to the public at no charge.

Olivier's 'Hamlet' Production Realisticayed Actors Are Well Cast, Leads Well Portr

BY JEFF KINGSLEY

Sir Laurence Olivier's production of Shakespeare's *Hamlet* is not an attempt to make a film record of a theater production. It is, in Olivier's own words, an attempt "to make a film of *Hamlet* as Shakespeare, were he living now, might make it."

The student of Shakespeare should thus be disappointed and very excited.

The Shakespearean scholar may object that many scenes have been cut, rearranged, or added. He will, however, be very interested in those brilliant moments when Olivier successfully translates the genius of Shakespeare's dramatic and literary art into cinematic art.

Some of the dramatic effects Olivier creates, such as the last scene, are as dramatically effective to the viewer's eye and ear as Shakespeare's descriptions were to his viewer's mind.

Many of the strange camera angles and the characters' poses create new perspectives which strike the audience just as Shakespeare's dramatic twists and chnge of perspective must have struck his audience. When the camera focuses on Hamlet's inverted face or fades away from Ophelia as she is sprawled upon the steps, the effect is powerful.

Black and white film enables Olivier to create the sombre mood which is so much a part of the Dane's tragedy. It also enables him to translate Shakespeare's creation of sharp contrast into art.

There are several ingenious shots in the film, which are not crucial to the development of the story. There is a fascinating shot of Ophelia framed momentarily by a stone arch as the camera follows Hamlet up the winding steps to the parapet for his "To be or not to be . . ." soliloquy. In a grave yard scene the "head" of Hamlet's shadow falls upon the skull of Yoric.

These effects which are of secondary importance support the main visual and dramatic themes of the production much in the same way that Shakespeare's metaphoric structures assist the literary and thematic structure of his works.

The way the form of Shakespeare's language supported the dramatic moment is paralleled in Olivier's use of visual patterns or effects.

Whereas Shakespeare might give literary form to a moment of passion by writing passages with tortured syntax, Olivier gives cinematic form to dramatic moments with rapid sweeps of the camera or by focusing in or out with the lense. When Hamlet climbs madly to the heights of the parapet after leaving Ophelia, the camera creates the effect of climbing and spiraling upward, visually supporting Hamlet's passionate rise in emotions.

Olivier's interpretation of Shakespeare's tragedy shows less sophistication than his translation of the Bard's art. The emphasis is on Hamlet's shattered regard for his mother.

Olivier portrays Hamlet as a melancholy and sensitive man who is virile and commanding. There are, however, moments in the film when Hamlet rises to heights of joy which strangely lose all traces of the melancholy which should color all his actions.

This still does not deny that Olivier's rendering of Hamlet's lines is superb even when his interpretation of the line seems out of place.

The casting of all the characters is polished; the selection of Eileen Hurley as Queen works particularly well. Her less-than-beautiful, full features and figure somehow suggest that she is a woman possessed by the strong sexual needs that are necessary to drive a woman to her husband's brother's bed. Freudian overtones are created by her lingering kisses and seemingly more than motherly attraction to her son.

Olivier's Polonius is played as a slightly senile, foolish old man who at times acts like a grandmother. He is not as humorous as Burton's Palonius.

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Demonstrators in Utica During Hubert's Speech

BY MIKE SHAPIRO

His name is Gordon Finch and all his time is spent in the peace movement. He has to return to Chicago this week to face charges of disorderly conduct and inciting to riot. He dropped out of the American University in Mexico City where last week several of his friends were killed by police in student riots. Finch is a member of the Youth International Party and originally worked in the Rochester Resistance movement. He was hired last week by the newly formed Utica Peace Center to organize and lead Tuesday's demonstration.

The newspapers said that 300 demonstrators would organize at 6:15 at the corner of Genesee and Lafayette streets, proceed to the auditorium where Humphrey would be speaking and pass out literature at the doors.

By six o'clock only a handful of Utica College, MVCC and high school students had arrived. Nothing happened until Finch arrived with another peace center representative in a blue Volkswagon station wagon. Hand lettered peace signs and arm bands were taken out of the back of the car and distributed to the demonstrators. Clutching a brown paper bag to his brown suede jacket, Finch set up a small picket line.

The first assistant corporation council for the city of Utica was there "just to be of assistance to the protesters and the police." He and Finch conferred with police officers on the method of the march. One police car was to lead the marchers and another would follow with the marchers sandwiched three ranks inbetween.

Pasquale Ciaglia, the chairman of the Utica Peace Center, conferred with Finch. Ciaglia is a chest surgeon and a member of Hamilton's Class of '33. He said that he was against the establishment and would like to see it changed by demonstrations and protests.

The crowd of demonstrators had grown and spectators were gathering. Finch requested that everyone line up. The march started. There were approximately eighty five people.

On both sides of the marchers were "Marshals." They were to keep order and had been lectured by Finch on how to control a march. The protestors were silent until a marshall started to chant "Peace Now." The group was not a unit and people appeared self-conscious; they had expected to be a part of a larger group.

In the doorway of a store were two men with walkie-talkies. They were reporting the activities of the marchers. They would not tell me who they were. When they found Finch, they introduced themselves as secret servicemen and asked him if the plans were still for a nonviolent march. They said they didn't want any trouble. Finch agreed and walked back to the march.

People were chanting "Stop the War." Utica Memorial Auditorium came into view. There was a large crowd out front. The marchers passed the crowd and set up a large revolving picket line on the grass. More marchers were arriving.

Some people had come just to look at the demonstrators. One man seemed pleased to note "There aren't too many people here; there was supposed to be 300." Another, "I think they're wasting their time; of those people there aren't a half dozen old enough to vote. How come they dress so bizarrely? Whose opinions do they expect to change?"

Finch appeared with leaflets that he had been told he could distribute at the entrance of the auditorium. He now found out he wouldn't be allowed to. Instead, they were handed out on the sidewalk. The leaflet was an appeal to Humphrey for peace and a message to the voters urging support for Paul O'Dwyer. Both the leaflets and the march were jointly sponsored by Utica Peace Center, the Coalition for an Independent Candidacy, and the Vietnam Educational Council. A short chubby man also appeared on the street and handed out Socialist Labor leaflets. Several people began to heckle the demonstrators and were moved by the police. The demonstrators' chants were becoming louder, as the marchers over-compensated for their fatigue. The people were becoming more restless. The hecklers returned as the marchers cried "Hell no we won't go."

The marshalls were in the center of the circle leading the cries, spurring the students on. There was tension in the air.

A "marshall" told Finch that the marchers were getting reckless. The assistant corporation council approached Finch and told him that the auditorium was filling up. He said seats were first come first serve and no one was guaranteed seats.

Finch doggedly insisted that the five hundred tickets he had been holding in a brown bag assured his people of seats. He had gallery tickets, floor tickets and VIP tickets. They had been given to the people he had sent to the Humphrey headquarters.

He said that if his group wasn't let in, he would interpret it as prejudice. He gave out the tickets to the marchers. Chanting "Peace Now" the group edged towards the crowd in front of the auditorium entrance.

The corporation council man told Finch his people were getting hopped up and more reckless every moment. He was still giving out tickets. People began to run up to Finch saying that the police weren't letting people in even if they had tickets.

A policeman with a megaphone said there was no more room. The crowd chanted "Bull . . ., bull . . . bull . . ." Finch started moving towards the glass doors. They were blocked by policemen. In the crowd no one knew who Finch was. The crush was tremendous. Finch was twenty feet from the doors. There was a sudden movement somewhere up ahead. A few seconds later the crowd opened momentarily and a boy with a blazer over his face was carried out. He did not appear to be conscious.

People began yelling at the police. Some Humphrey cheerleaders somehow got into the crowd and were severely jostled. The police succeeded in slamming shut the glass doors. They were taunted and jeered by people no more than a few inches away. The police had their billy clubs out.

Finch backed out of the crowd and spoke to a police lieutenant. He said he could cool things off and draw people away from the doors. He said he didn't want people hurt. The lieutenant told him to talk to his people and when he went back a policeman shoved him out of the way. Finch explained who he was and was let through. He told the demonstrators to leave, that they wouldn't be let in.

Some held up their tickets and withdrew, others remained. The police pushed the crowd back away from the doors. The entrance was cleared. Some people burned their tickets. Finch sought to get the press together and ask why his people weren't granted admission. The group was dispersing.

The "demonstration" over, Finch talked about how he hoped the American political system was fluid enough to change with the times. He said he "wanted the power given back to the people and taken away from the machine." As far as this election, he would be voting for Eldridge Cleaver of the Peace and Freedom Party.

Finch plans future demonstrations on the arrival of all candidates in the area. Then, with a word about his friends in Mexico, and how they had been shot, he walked back to the entrance to make sure everyone was all right in Utica.

Haley Interviews Harold Lipset On Question of Wiretapping

BY RONALD BRUCK

America's answer to James Bond came to Hamilton this week.

That's how Alex Haley, writer-in-residence, introduced Harold Lipset as he interviewed him in the Chapel Tuesday night. Haley described Lipset as the top private investigator in this country "without question," with "more knowledge of electronic surveillance than anyone around."

The interview was being taped for "Perspective," WRUN's weekly discussion show, and once commentator Alan Cole dispensed with the introductory formalities for his show, Haley got down to the major topic of the interview, electronic bugging and wiretapping.

Lipset made the distinction between the two, defining bugging as "recording a face-to-face conversation between two or more people" and wiretapping as "recording a conversation over telephone wires." The private investigator said that he used electronic devices to record a conversation "only when at least one party consented to the bugging."

Asked about wiretapping, he said, "I ally myself with people against wiretapping when it is done without the consent of at least one person in the conversation."

The private investigator feels that the new law passed by Congress permitting a law enforcement agency with a court order to bug a conversation without the consent of at least one individual involved is wrong, "morally, legally and in any other way. Law enforcement has no right to make such a recording."

Haley quoted a recent survey conducted by the federal government revealing that private use of electronic bugging devices far exceeds government and law enforcement use. "That's absurd," said Lipset, in disagreement with the survey. "Private use could never be that great. It's too costly and corporations are loathe to write out checks for illegal activities. That survey is a scare technique."

Comparing himself to Paul Drake of Perry Mason fame, the investigator said that most of his

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Events of Interest

Cinema 258
1. *Playpen Girls,* 7:30. *Campus Confidential,* 8:45; 2. *The Bride Wore Black,* 7:30, 9:17. 3. *The Strange Affair* 7:30, 9:15.

Kallet Theater
The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter, 7:10, 9:25 week; 7:05, 9:25 Sun.

Olympic Theater
Anyone Can Play, 8:00; *Blue,* 9:20.

Paris Theater
Rachel, Rachel, 7:30, 9:10.

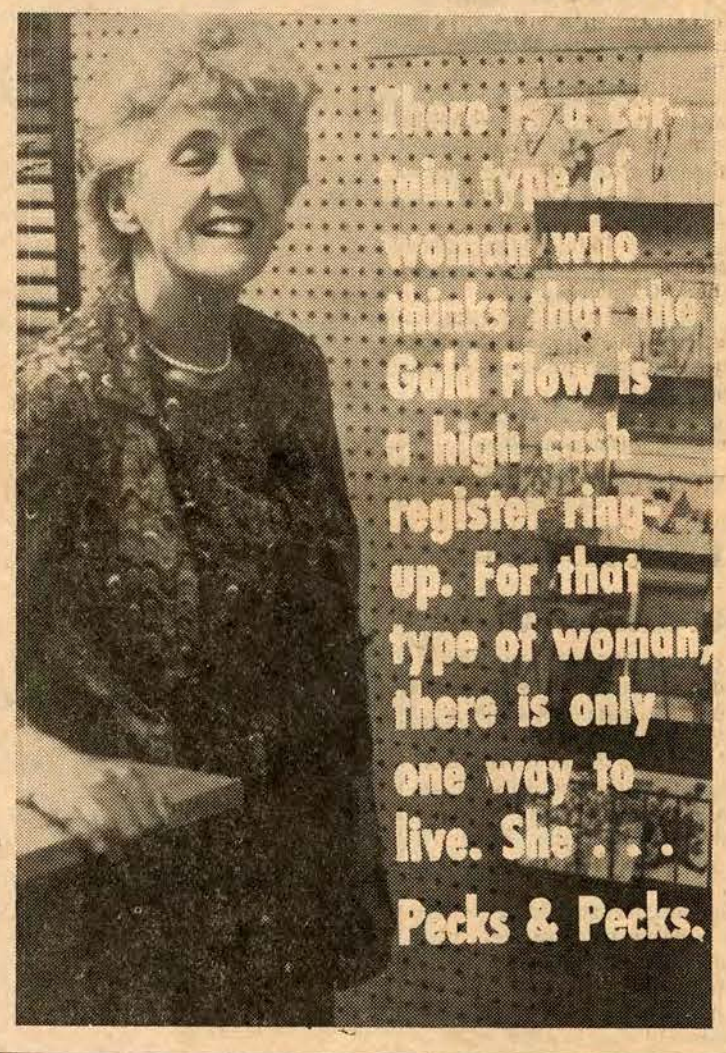
Uptown Theater
Live a Little, Love a Little, 7:00, 10:05; *Battle Beneath the Earth,* 8:35.

Stanley Theater
Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, The Shaggy Dog

Forum Theater
The Planet of the Apes, The Fantasticc Voyage, 7:30, Fri., Sat., Sun.

Kinokunst-Gesellschaft: *Hamlet,* Thurs., Fri., Sat.

Root-Jessup Films
Radical Americans: Past, Present and Future; Radical Americans: Voices from the Right, 8:30, Sun. Chem. Aud.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Letters

(Continued from page 4)

to his or her own school's Honor System.

Accordingly we are proposing the following amendment to the Hamilton Honor System:

A. Renumber Article 9 as Article 10

B. Add new Article 9:

"Section 1. All Hamilton College students are bound by the principles and regulations of the Hamilton Honor System in all Kirkland College courses."

This amendment will be voted on at the regular college meeting (Chapel) on Tuesday, October 22, 1968. If three-fourths of the students present at this meeting support this amendment, then it will become part of the Hamilton Honor System Constitution.

Charles W. McCuen '69
Chairman of the Honor Court

How Neat

To the Editor:

Being the typical college frosh, sans beanie, I held claim to a very naive, convent-protected, spirit — until last Saturday night. I had had an occasional date in high school for the big events, such as the Senior Prom, but, as a rule, I stayed home and studied on Friday and Saturday nights.

It will not seem strange, then, that when one of my friends asked me to take a blind date I was quite uneasy. I didn't like the idea of going out with a boy I didn't know. (What if he had pimples?) Wow! I was really nervous, but, relying upon the judgment of my "friend" of two weeks, I agreed to the date.

When Saturday finally arrived, I was sitting in the lounge of my dorm. I happened to notice one of those hippie type boys with the wire-rimmed glasses. It was my date! I hoped that he wasn't going to ask me to smoke marijuana. When he told me that we were going to a frat party I was relieved, (that was my first mistake!)

I was quite surprised by the goings on at the Frat House. It seemed strange to me that everyone was drinking that awful tasting Utica Club. Of course, I had never had a beer before. I lived in a state where the drinking age is 21 — and only bad girls went drinking in New York State, (oh my!)

Once my date and I finally completed the handshake and password ritual at the door, we were admitted into the house. Most of the lights were out, but the band was playing very loud and there were couples in the middle of the room doing wierd daices. I hadn't been to a party since eighth grade, and they were harmless; all anyone ever did was make-out. Here, everyone was dancing. Oh, I hadn't danced in so long, I was really afraid that my date would think that I wasn't hip. (That would have been horrible).

The first thing my date did was to lead me to the cellar door. I told him to watch it, I had heard all about college men, but he just said "Cool it!" (Wasn't that neat?) and led the way down the stairs. I followed. Horrible visions were running through my mind and I was getting fretty frightened.

Once downstairs, I calmed down. There were other people around. That was where the beer was kept. There seemed to be so much of it. My date handed me my cup and we went back upstairs. When we sat down, I knew that it was then or never, so I took a swig of the brew.. At first I didn't feel anything, then my stomach began to feel very light, as if it were floating up to the ceiliing. I wondered if that was what it felt like to get "high." All my friends had told me not to drink at college, because they said when you get drunk you do all sorts of crazy things (like drop-trow; blow lunch), but I hadn's believed their stories until then. I took another swig. I was begining to get used to the taste of UC.

Then the music started. The band was playing songs like "Funky Broadway," "Light My Fire," and other equally groovy tunes. It was a gas. I started dancing. At first I wasn't so good, but after a few more swigs of UC, I began to loosen up. The other people stopped looking at me, but all of a sudden my date had a very sly smile on his face. I started to say something, but he just said "Eaze-y baby." (That gets me every time.) I stopped talking.

After a while everyone begean to loosen up. People were doing really funny things like throwing beer and singing dirty words to all the songs. Then, some of the fraternity brothers started dancing on the tables with their dates. I wanted to dance up there, too, but I felt kind of strange (what if someone looked up my dress?) My date said that he was really "up for it" though, so I danced with him, only I danced with my hands on my knees, just in case.

At about 2, the band played its last song and the party began to break up. It was kind of glad by then because I was starting to have a lot of trouble walking around, and dancing (I think it was because of all the beer spilled on the floor.)

My date took me back to the dorm and came into the lounge with me. He started to tell me how much fun he had had, but he was having trouble making any sense (I guess he was pretty tired). When he went to leave, he tried to kiss me goodnight, but I told him no. (I didn'e want him to lose all his respect for me and think I was a slut.) He got kind o fannoyed and tried again (I think he was testing me). He finally left and said "see you 'round the quad." (Wasn't that neat, so "college.")

I really hope hee calls me up again. I had so much fun. After that night I knew that I was definitely going to enjoy college life. It was so real.

Name Withheld At Request

D. T. Reply

Letter to the Editor:

In reply to letters by Stephen Lewandowski and an anonymous person, I would like to say that they have horribly exaggerated "that mob action, violence and cruelty . . . " of the sophomore raid on Dunham. On September 19, 1968 I would estimate that more than 200 sphomores and freshmen in their own free will participated in the traditional raid and dummy pull. No sophomores were forced to rally in front of Carnegie that night, and Dean DePuy and the freshman advisors kept all sophomores out of Dunham. The freshmen came out because they wanted to. I also saw that the vast majority of individual confrontations and the "senseless violence" on the whole were in the spirit of good will and competition.

Since the writers of these letters were not forced to participate all I ask is that we who enjoy these horrible attacks and counter-attacks be allowed to enjoy them.

I don't pretend that the sophomore raids are in their best form, but I believe that they should be revised, not banned.

All I ask is for my freedom, too.

Larry Bentley
D.T.

Photography Adds To Presentation Of Olivier Hamlet

(Continued from page 5)

Some of the scenes which are particularly good in this film do have confusing flaws. In the scene in which Hamlet rejects Ophelia, Olivier becomes uncomfortably melodramatic when he dashes down and points to the areas behind which the King and Polonius are hiding. At one point in his "To be or not to be"-soliloquy he inappropriately strikes a pose which is almost casual. In both cases the action which precedes and follows is strikingly excellent.

The scene depicting the "play-within-the-play" and its immediate after-effects is engaging. At one point the viewer is made very uncomfortable by the King's meloddramatic reaction, but this is atoned for by the galvanizing action which follows.

Lost Student's Adventures In Geology Land

(Continued from page 5)

suddenly wakened by the white geologist who was repeating: "Anyone bagless, anyone bagless?"

"It just depends what you mean by that," said Charley.

"Don't be so silly," said the little white fellow, "get out there on the sand-dunes and take samples," and sure enough, when he turned around, Charley saw the group of strange creatures pouring sand into little brown paper bags. He looked up at the sky quizzically, and for just an instant he thought he saw the grin of an assistant dean beaming down upon him.

"What is happening?" asked Charley. He gazed at a beer can on the ground, and heard the geologist mumbling to someone behind him: "These were brought all the way from Canada in the glacier."

"Must be some way of reducing import duties," thought Charley as the sand trickled through his fingers into his own bag.

"What is happening?" he thought. "Is it a dream?"

Oh no Charley, it wasn't a dream. Whereas it certainly had been in Alice's case, and a dream in a book at that, this was as real as the ground you're walking on.

"What is happening?" he thought again.

Harriers Finish Sixth in Inv't'l

BY TOM CARR

Competing for the first time in the LeMoyne Invitational Cross Country Championships, Hamilton's distance men finished a respectable sixth. Cortland's harriers, paced by individual champion Murray Banks, finished first in the field of seventeen teams.

The Blue runners were led by Captain Newell Warde, who finished seventh over LeMoyne's demanding 5.15 mile course. Following Warde were sophomores Tom Carr and Jim Bilik who placed 13th and 19th respectively. Farther back were Ken Judson and Phil McGlave who crossed the line in 49th and 54th places respectively in the tightly bunched field of 106 runers. Rounding out the Hamilton contingent were Pete Tylanda and Marcus Peuron who finished in the 69th and 83rd positions.

This Saturday the Hill runners travel to Troy to meet the perennially strong Engineers of RPI.

Soccer Shutout

(Continued from page 8)

two men, and scored from an acute angle.

However, as the statistics show, it was not all plain-sailing. Rochester outshot the Continentals 17-13 and secured more corner kicks (10-5), forcing Shapiro to make 13 saves against Rochester's 9. A little less confusion on defense and more precision from the line, however, would be more satisfactory to coach von Schiller, who wants to improve on last season's 4-3-1 record. With 2-1 figures already this year, there is a definite possibility from a team with the desire to succeed.

The next game will be at home against Harpur, on Wednesday the 19th, and the Continentals are expecting another record crowd.

Hobart Game

(Continued from page 8)

10 of 33 passes.

The Hobart pass defense also broke down last week, allowing three touchdown passes. The front wall has been adequate but shaky, allowing a high amount of rushing yardage in the first two games.

The lackluster offense has been ineffective inside the opponents' 40-yard line this year, but has shown some ability to move the ball on the ground. The big plus has been the running of senior co-captain Mark Perkins, who carried 26 times against St. Lawrence for a game-high total of 96 yards rushing. The leading pass receiver is sophomore Chris Yonkin, who scored the only Statesman touchdown last week on a 74-yard pass from Renner.

Thus far, Hobart's young team has shown its inexperience through glaring mistakes, both on offense and defense. Quarterbacks prone to throwing interceptions have had virtually no success against the tough Continental secondary in the past two seasons, and the logical assumption is that this week will be no different.

With a quarterback problem perhaps worse than Hamilton's and with an offense that has been largely impotent, Hobart enters Saturday's game as the underdog. The Continental offense, revitalized after coming up with a great performance in the final quarter of the RPI game last weekend, and backed by a defense stronger than last week's score would indicate, should spell a second victory for Hamilton.

Master of Martini Olive Mike Speaks

(Continued from page 6)

jobs are for lawyers, insurance companies, labor unions or corporations. "I don't go in for any of the shooting stuff you see on TV."

Lipset prefers working on a case involving the defense of an accused person. "Once a law enforcement group decides a man is guilty, all law enforcement majesty goes to work to prove it. A defense attorney doesn't have time to conduct a thorough investigation so I'm hired as the defense's law enforcement counterpart."

Originator of the martini olive microphone, Lipset said that a bugging device can be placed anywhere. Not all the eye-catching devices are effective, however, for the martini olive works at a distance of about forty feet for only twenty minutes.

Most of those sensational devices are never actually used, however. For instance, a few were created only to publicize former Senator Russell Long's Senate Committee investigating wiretapping and the use of electronic bugging devices.

Lipset wrote the cover story for the September 8 issue of *Ramparts* on wiretapping. The cover depicted a shapely blond wearing a brassiere wired with two microphones. "We call that the stereo bust," he said.

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BY RICK TUSHINGHAM

Over the years a belief has arisen that Hamilton does not recruit athletes. This belief is not altogether correct. Hamilton does recruit, but with little effort and little success. Hamilton's recruitment efforts, relative to those of her competitors, lack initiative and energy. The story of recruiting at this school is one of confusion and of a lack of communication between the admissions department and the physical education department.

Most efforts to lure the athlete to Hamilton are confined to letter writing by the coaches. Letters go out to any athlete who has come to the campus for an interview and to any athlete suggested by an alumni or by a high school coach. Efforts are also made by the coaches to meet any athlete who is on campus for an interview. Greg Batt and an admissions officer make the only athletic recruitment trip to Canada during intercession. Judging by the quality of hockey teams in recent years the trip seems a success. Coaches also journey to address alumni groups to ask for leads. Because of alumni apathy the leads are few and far between.

In an interview with two of the coaches, I asked why recruiting efforts are so minimal and why what is done yields so little success. They replied with a barrage of complaints. There is a school policy against recruiting. They have no time and no money. They get no co-operation from the admissions department. And athletes, whenever possible, prefer to go to a Little Three School.

Many complaints of the coaches are unfounded and ill-conceived. The school policy complaint for example has no basis at all. Neither Sidney Bennett nor Mox Weber voiced any objection whatsoever to recruiting. Bennett, in fact, offered money to finance any recruiting trip as long as an admissions officer accompanied the coach and the recruiting was conducted "properly."

The "I don't have any time" complaint has some truth since all coaches have classes scheduleed four days a week as well as athletic contests on weekends.

However, the complaint that anyone who can get into Hamilton prefers to go to Amherst, Williams or Wesleyan is certainly exaggerated.

Finally there is the complaint of lack of co-operation from the Admissions Department. Although admission standards are unqquestionably high and largely inalterable, the Admissions Department makes every allowance possible for the athlete-applicant. Often, Bennett and Company do not give coaches any notice of athletes who come to campus for an interview. Certainly, some coaches are more willing to co-operate with the Admissions Office than others. Bennett notes; "Some coaches are in here every day, others are never seen."

At one point in the interview one coach said to me, "No matter what you write, the situation here will never change." He was completely right, but he failed to see that the fault rested with himself. Until the coaching staff accepts complete responsibility and ceases to use the Admissions Office as a scapegoat, the recruiting situation will "never change."

Victory Over Hobart Expected

BY RICK SCOTT

Appearing in their second Homecoming game in as many weeks, the football Continentals take on the Hobart Statesmen tomorrow at 2 at Boswell Field in Geneva.

It is Homecoming Week at Hobart, and if last week was any indication of the way the Continentals play on such weekends, the game will be exciting and free-scoring. A comparison of this season's records so far indicates that a final score similar to last year's convincing 28-0 Continental victory is likely.

The Statesmen were humiliated last Saturday by St. Lawrence, 42-6, as the Larries rolled up an impressive total of 318 yards. This was Hobart's second consecutive loss this season without a victory.

However, the biggest problem for Coach Al Kelley has been more with his offense than with his defeense. While Hobart was outgained by only 34 yards, quarterbacks Butch Unger and Rick Renner threw five intercepted passes, three of which resulted in St. Lawrence touchdowns. Because of this deeficiency, Keelley has been forced to come up with another quarterback.

Sophomore Unger is a scrambler who runs well, while Renner, a junior, is the better passer. However, the two combined to throw five interceptions against the Larries, while completing only

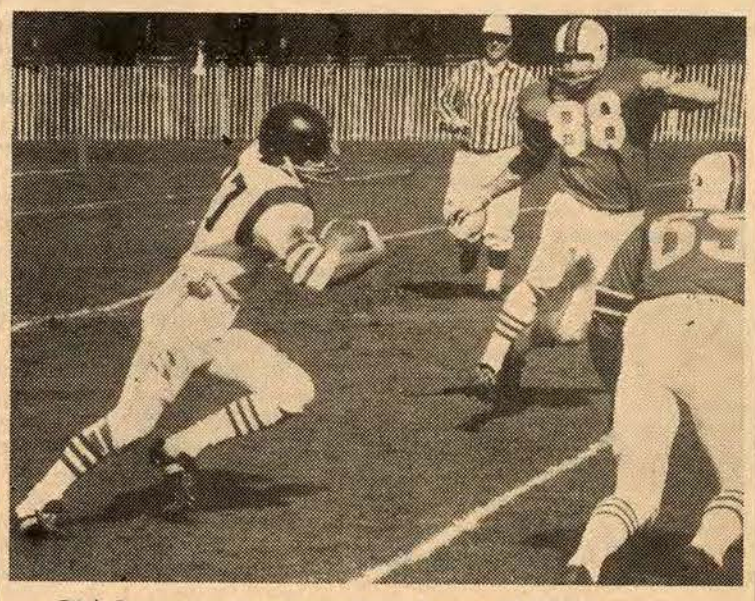
(Continued on page 7)

22 - Point Fourth —

Blue Rally In Last Quarter

BY TOM FRAWLEY

A 22 point fourth quarter rally sparked by John Beck's 77 yard interception return brought the Continentals to a 35-32 come-from-behind victory over previously undefeated RPI. The win was the first of the season for the Blue as they evened their record at 1-1.



Dick Brown sprints toward gap between RPI defenders.

Despite scoring first with four minutes left in the first quarter, the Blue saw their 7-0 lead rapidly disappear as the Engineers capitalized on indecision in the Blue defensive backfield to build up an 18-7 halftime lead. The visitors extended their lead to three touchdowns before the Blue began their fourth quarter heroics reminiscent of last year's incredible St. Lawrence victory.

Taking the ball on their own 10, the Continentals gained the initial advantage when Dick Brown plunged over from the five after a third down Pitarresi to Effinger pass covered 70 yards to the visitor's 13.

The Blue maintained this 7-0 lead until the ten minute mark of the second period when RPI scored from the one yard line. Three minutes later a 30 yard touchdown pass set up by an interception of a Pitarresi pass on the Blue 34 gave the visitors a 12-7 lead. They upped this to 18-7 thirty-four seconds before the half when LaMore threw another TD pass, this time covering 16 yards.

Four minutes into the second half a 70 yard pass play increased the RPI lead to three touchdowns. On the scoring play LaMore hit end Cathcart on a buttonhook at the fifty and the end lateralled to Kelly who raced untouched down the sidelines for the score.

With 2 minutes left in the quarter, safety Greg Hoch picked off an errant LaMore pass and returned it 34 yards for the touchdown. The conversion failed and the Blue trailed 25-13. However, Continental hopes were dampened when Tesmer swept his right end and lumbered 30 yards for the fifth RPI TD. The kick was good and RPI led with 14:35 left in the game.

The Engineers were threatening again on the Blue 23 when Beck started the Continentals rolling by intercepting a LaMore pass on the flank at the 13. He sped down the sidelines and cut across the field at the 50 to pick up teammates' blocks. From there he raced to the visitor's 6 before he was pulled down. Three plays later Pitarresi sneaked over from the 1. A pass from Brown to end Bill Meyle made the score 32-21.

Less than two minutes later Pete Margolin followed guard Bruce Cutler into the end zone for the fourth Blue TD. The score was set up by a Beck tackle of an RPI ballcarrier whose ensuing fumble fell into the awaiting arms of Don Stangler on the 21. After a Pitarresi to Weeden pass netted 19 yards Margolin travelled the final 2 yards to a score. After the conversion attempt failed, the Blue were down 32-27.

After an inspired defense held the Engineers and partially blocked the visitor's punt, the offense took over on the RPI 32. Pitaressi lost 5 trying to pass but Brown gained it back as he went over left tackle for 13 yards to the 24. On third down, Effinger followed Cutler and tackle Chuck Zellmer to the 17 for the first down. After Brown picked up another first on the seven, he hit Meyle all alone in the end zone for the winning touchdown. A Pitarresi to Effinger pass for the conversion completed the day's scoring and brought the Blue a 35-32 victory. The game was clinched when Hoch made his second interception of the day to give the Continentals the ball with only 3 minutes left.

Soccer Shuts Out Larries, 2-0

BY ALAN BRYCE

Languishing, but not demoralized by the midweek fiasco against St. Lawreince, Hamilton was very much the underdog against powerful U of R, in Rochester on Saturday. The Yellowjackets had already beaten St. Bonaventure, and lost only in overtime to Brockport, one of the most powerful teams in the state.

However, what the Continentals lacked in skill, they made up for in enthusiasm, never allowing a clever Rochester team to settle down. The result was a 2-0 victory for Hamilton, and as coach von Schiller said after the game, "the best win in years."

No one player distinguished himself above his teammates, with the possible exceptions of goalkeeper Steve Shapiro, who made some fine saves, and tireless Joel Shaeffer. It was rather a consistent team effort that succeeded in shutting out Rochester.

Both goals came from Rick Bilheimer, who, with 4 goals in 3 games, may have his eye on the all-time Hamilton record. His first on Saturday came from a penalty late in the first period, after a fullback handled what would have been a certain goal from Alan Braverman. Bilheimer converted from the spot, sending the goalie the wrong way. The second came after 72 minutes, when halfback John Young ran the ball to the center circle, lofted a pass through to Bilheimer, who took it just inside the penalty area, beat

(Continued on page 7)

Paul Foreman topples after collision with St. Lawrence attacker.